THE

Modern Poetasters:

OR,

DIRECTORS no Conjurers.

A FARCE.

ON THE

Famous Ode Writers, Satyrists, Panegyrists, &c. of the present Times; and their Patrons, &c.

WITH

The Character, and True Picture, of a late Director, and some Others.

AND

An Entertaining Original Scene of Mother *W—yb——n*'s Theatre, as Acted in the Hundreds of *Drury*, by several Poets, Directors, *&c.*

Also an EPILOGUE on the Times.

Written by *Isaac Bickerstaff, jun.* Esq;

LONDON:
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PERSONS.

Sauney, a *Scotch* Poet, come to *London*.

Goosecap, a Pretender to the Bays, renown'd for *Don Quixotism*.

Smart, a sprightly young Poet.

Aimat, a Female Poetaster.

Wealthy, a late Director of the South-Sea, whom they all Compliment.

Upstart, his Clerk.

Scentwell, a Woman of the Town.

Mother W--yb---n, *Whores*, *Bawds*, *Bullies*, &c.

The Modern Poetaſters.

SCENE, *The* Piazza *in* Covent-Garden.

Enter Gooſe-cap *and* Sauney, *embracing each other:* Sauney *in a Scotch Dreſs, and* Gooſe-cap *in Black, his Coat daub'd all o'er with Snuff, a Dirty Neck-cloth round his Neck, and his Peruke hanging to one ſide.*

Gooſe. YOu're welcome, dear *Sauney*, from the *Northern* Climate to a more Friendly Air, and this famous Metropolis; where your great and exalted Genius will meet with its merited Reward, and your poetical Abilities ſhine in their full Splendor.

Saun. Upon my Soul Man you ſay too much to an unworthy Brother —— I am a Stranger to *England*, but extraordinarily pleas'd with your good Acquaintance, which recompences the Toil of my fatiguing Journey from the City of *Edinburgh*.

Gooſe.

Gooſe. Your Toil, my Friend, you'll think the greateſt Pleaſure of your Life, when you find by my unequall'd Pen your Character is rais'd to the Top Pinacle of Fame ——— *Virgil*'s Shade will envy the Reputation I am capable of giving you.

Saun. Virgil was an Eminent Poet: He's unequall'd in this Age, unleſs it be in you.

Gooſe. You ſpeak like a Man of Judgment, Brother, and I doubt not to convince the ignorant World, that *Virgil*, amidſt his ſoaring Flights and pompous Elegance, was an Aſs to *S——l.*

Saun. But we ſhall find it a plaguy Task to perſuade the giddy Multitude to this Opinion: You may ſeem to reſemble the Style and Manner of the Ancients, but I fear the Colours are faint, and will not bear Examination ——— They are *ſtrong* and *ſublime*, we *weak* and *ſpiritleſs.*

Gooſe. I thought you Gentlemen had more of the *Hibernian* Quality than to entertain a mean Opinion of your ſelves, and your own Capacities: Lay aſide Humility, if you intend to thrive in the *Engliſh* Territories, and let Conceit, Hypocriſy and Pride take place; be bold and audacious in ſelf-praiſes; learn to Cabal, flatter, and Condemn, and the Game's your own.

Saun. To all theſe I'm a Stranger, my Dear——

Gooſe.

Gooſe. For what did you deſert your Native Country? ——— Can you expect Services from me, and you entirely unqualified?

Saun. But hold! 'tis not too late to learn ——— I believe I can deſpiſe Merit, and for a conſiderable Sum be a conſiderable Flatterer; but the greateſt Work is to compliment my ſelf.

Gooſe. Pugh, that's the eaſieſt Thing in the World; you've Nature on your ſide, which incites Fondneſs in all to Works of their own Production; I can do it with an Air of Gravity, and damn with a Grace the Misbelievers of an Untruth.

Saun. But you have the Happineſs, Brother, to be Eſtabliſh'd, and it requires ſome Time for a Man to be Entered in any thing, altho' it be in Iniquity.

Gooſe. Every airy Female tells ye her Ware is the beſt, moſt charming, the moſt inviting, and all that —— And cannot we extoll our own Verſes, many whereof deſcribe thoſe Beauties they falſly pretend to be Miſtreſſes of.

Saun. Woud'nt it be better that like a fair virtuous Woman, we make no Boaſtings of our ſelves, but let our own real Worth recommend us to Mankind.

Gooſe. There's no ſuch thing as real Worth, my Friend, 'tis all imaginary: The whole Univerſe is a ſham, and falſe Repreſentation —— Generals are not always made with Fighting, Scholars by Learning, nor Divines by Study: No, Management and Caballing will ſave infinite Trouble of that kind ——— 'Tis but to place proper Fame-brokers at the moſt remarkable Parts of the Town, Fellows of good Lungs to bellow out your Praiſe, the Work is done; the ignorant Populace, fam'd for Credulity, will believe it with as much Eagerneſs as they entertain Scandal againſt true Merit; and thus is a Reputation at once acquired.

Saun. But this ſeems, according to my Notion of Things, to be inconſiſtent with true Senſe, and 'tis contrary to all Scottiſh Politicks; we are equally backward in Praiſing as in Condemning.

Gooſe. Senſe, Sir, is nothing elſe but a Rule of acting on the Principle of Intereſt; ſo that if it promotes my Profit, I'll applaud my ſelf, or any ſenſeleſs Wretch; and if my Fortune cannot be raiſed without calumniating what is truly Great and Glorious, the doing it is an Argument of ſound Senſe, and perfectly conſonant with the Dictates of Nature, and the great *SENECA*'s Philoſophy.

Saun. I cannot be of your Opinion, Brother, I muſt term that *Abuſe*, which you are pleas'd to call Senſe, in Spite of the greateſt Oratory to recommend it.

Gooſe.

Gooſe. You muſt learn to think more advantagiouſly, if you expect Proſperity here —— But that I may not be tedious in my firſt Lectures, we'll quit this Converſation, and retire to a Houſe of Diverſion in the Hundreds of *Drury*; we'll drink 'till we rival the Sun with our ruddy Complexions; ſet up all Night with the Moon; lye with half a Dozen Virgins; break all the Windows of the Manſion; and then, like true Sons of *Parnaſſus*, make a haſty Eſcape, and pay no Reckoning, but leave that to be accounted for by the Gods.

Saun. Will not the Subſtitutes of *Venus* exhauſt our Poetical Fire?

Gooſe. No, they'll encreaſe it.——

Saun. But have ye no Salamanders —— I fear I ſhall be metamorphiz'd to a Glow-worm.

Gooſe. None at all, my Dear —— I'll help ye to an agreeable Female with whom Safety will be your Lot.

Saun. The Deel damn me, if I don't think the Lot of *Jonas* will be mine.

Gooſe. You'll be in no Belly of a Whale, I'll aſſure ye.

Saun. But perhaps of ſomething worſe —— or the Jaws of ſome terrible Monſter——

Gooſe.

Gooſe. Let not your Courage be caſt down — Come, we'll away to Mother *W—yb——ns.*

Enter Smart.

Smart. Have I found my Enemy at laſt.——(*To Gooſecap*)——

Gooſe. I'm an Enemy to nothing, but that Merit which is of a ſuperiour kind, Sir. —— Dear *Sauney*, repair to *Button*'s; I'll be with you preſently. (*To* Sauny.)

Exit Sauny.

Smart. Have you any Pretence, Sir, to Merit?

Gooſe. As much as you have to be a *Coxcomb*, Sir.

Smart. The Coxcomb does not belong to me at preſent.

Gooſe. I can write *Senſe* and *Engliſh*, a Capacity you are unacquainted with.

Smart. In your Walk to St. *J*——'s-*ſtreet*, there is neither Engliſh, Senſe, nor Grammar; and your beſt Pieces of Poetry are but Trifles.

Gooſe. It would be an Honour to you, Sir, to be the Author of ſuch Trifles.

Smart. I can receive no Honour from your Accompliſhments. —— You have by good Fortune indeed wrote one Piece that has ſold, but more from the Popularity of the Subject, than the Per-

for-

formance; your beſt Scenes of Love are notoriouſly worſe than thoſe of the loweſt Poet in this or any other Age. —— The few Similies are no way adapted, and really appear like Flowers in a Dunghill. —— In your other Poetical Writings all the Beauties are borrow'd: If we diveſt you of your Thefts, you'll reſemble the Crow in the Fable, and little will remain but Froth and Rhime.

Gooſe. Thou fooliſh Boy, do'ſt Thee pretend to criticiſe on the Greateſt Genius of the Age.

Smart. You may compliment your Genius as you pleaſe, and your Friends may give it out, but I ſhall take Liberty to affirm that 'tis far from being a perfect one in Poetry: A perfect Genius is capable of producing a finiſh'd Piece of the greateſt Length, which is what you will never be Maſter of. —— A few good Lines I confeſs you ſometimes happen to write, but more from a *Flaſhy Wit*, than a true *Native Genius.*

Gooſe. My Genius is eminently conſpicuous in every thing I do —— Can you peruſe any Performance of mine, where I don't ſtrike out with a ſurprizing Strength of Poetical Fury? — And in my Odes, my Flights are very Extraordinary.

Smart. Your Flights are like thoſe of the Owl, never Soaring or Lofty. If you intend to gain a ſolid Reputation, you muſt *ſtrike out* the greateſt part of what you have written: Leave off recommending the Works of others, in order to aſſume the Honour of the Whole yourſelf, and

blaming that which you cannot mend, for no other Reaſon than becauſe you've had no Hand in't.

Gooſe. Why all this unmerited Calumny?

Smart. Your Talent is Calumny, Brother, tho' prepoſterouſly mix'd with Panegyrick. —— You can condemn and praiſe even the ſame thing, and at ſuch times as it merits neither your Cenſure, nor Approbation. —— You can lampoon your beſt Friends, and abuſe your greateſt Benefactors, in their Abſence; and, ſupported by a Gameſter, you think to Bully Mankind.

Gooſe. This is provoking with a Vengeance; wou'd any one but a Poet bear all this?

Smart. You are born to bear the Burthen of your Folly, and the Repetition of your Faults.—— A firſt RateMiniſter of State was firſt your Patron; him you've commended to Exceſs; ſince you've let fly at him at leaſt twenty Satyrs. On a great Stateſman whom you've lately prais'd, firſt a Satyr, then a Panegyrick: On a certain Noble Lord firſt a Panegyrick, then a Lampoon: A great Commoner, firſt a Satyr, then a Compliment; and many other Inſtances of this kind I could enumerate: And as Hypocriſy is your Principle, the Whigs have your preſent Praiſes, but the Tories and Jacobites your Affections.

Gooſe. If I ſhould gain any Honour by beating of a Monkey, I wou'd do it.

Smart.

Smart. Come on ——— I've ſome Inches of my Sword at your Service.

Gooſe. But few Inches for a Lady I preſume.—— You're a Child, and deſerve the Rod——Farewell.
(*Exit.*

Smart. Adieu. ——— What a vain conceited Wretch is this? He gives me an Averſion to all Poetry and Poets, and almoſt to my ſelf as one of the Number.

Enter Aimat.

Aimat. Your Servant, Mr. *Smart* —— I've been looking for you an Age, and want to conſult you in an Affair of the greateſt Conſequence.

Smart. I am at your Service. ——— What is your Buſineſs, Madam?

Aim. To correct a Poem of my Writing, on the Man in the Moon.

Smart. Your Subject, Madam, is equally high with your Exalted Genius. ——— I ſoar beneath your airy Flights; and you might as well ask me to *Correct the Skies.*

Aim. O Dear Sir, I am much obliged t'ye; but I'm no Angel as yet.

Smart. Your Flights are extraordinary, Madam, I'll aſſure ye. ——— My *Pegaſus* is a Jade to yours.

Aim. You ſhall mount mine, if you pleaſe.

Smart. I ſhould be glad to mount——my Dear.

Aim. Pugh, if you won't correct my Poem, I'll leave you to the Tormentors of the Hundreds of *Drury*.

Smart. I may find a *Woman's Caſe* there.

Aim. You have wicked Imaginations——My Deſigns are honeſt, but you ungenerouſly conſtrue all for the worſt.

Smart. I conſtrue every thing according to Nature, Madam, and Nature's Rules are a Law to me.

Aim. Nature is a Jeſt.

Smart. When purſued jeſtingly, with a fair Lady, or ſo——

Aim. When purſued in Earneſt.——

Smart. And the Gallant laid breathleſs at your Feet.

Aim. This is intolerable, I can't bear it. Adieu.

Smart. Nor I neither. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE

Scene, *Mother* W--yb--n's *in* Drury-lane.

Enter Mother W--yb--n, Gooſecap *and* Sauny.

Wyb. MY Sons you're welcome to my Palace, but you dear *Sauney* muſt firſt kneel down, and ask my Bleſſing, e'er you're admitted to my Favours.

Gooſe. She tells ye the Truth, Brother, 'tis what is cuſtomary; and tho' I've already done it, I'll lead you the way.

(*He kneels down, Mother* W-yb--n, *pulls up her Coats, and piſſes in his Face.*

Wyb. There, dear Son, you're doubly free.——

Saun. The De'el damn the Freedom—— What muſt I loſe my Eye-ſight before I can be admitted, for the Benefit of Feeling.

Gooſe. 'Tis nothing but a decent Sprinkling—— 'twill have an extraordinary Effect. —— Thus Plants are water'd e'er they riſe.——

Saun. But not between a Woman's Thighs——

Wyb. Kneel down, dear *Sauney*, or you ſhall have it ſtanding.

(Sauney

(Sauney *refuſing to Kneel, ſhe lets fly at him with ſuch good Aim, that Part of the Stream enters his Mouth.*

Saun. Plague on the Bleſſing —— Your Water is damnable ſtrong. ——

Wyb. That's a certain Sign of ſetled Health.—You ſhall have another Taſte, unleſs you ſubmiſſively kneel.

Gooſe. Forbear, dear Mother, he has had his Share. —— What he wants in Duty, ſhall be made up by me in filial Obedience.

Saun. Pox take the Obedience —— Where is the Girl?

Gooſe. O Mother, I deſire you to ſend for the lovely Mrs. *Scentwell.*

Wyb. Let us firſt drink, my Dear——(*She calls the Maid for a Bottle of Cherry Bounce, who comes in with it and a Glaſs.*) —— Fill me a Bumper.

Maid. Yes, Madam.

Wyb. Dear *Sauney* you're the greateſt Stranger, my Service to you. —— May your Purſe and —— never fail you.

Saun. A good Health, upon my Soul, Man——

Wyb. Fill him a Bumper.

Saun

Saun. Here, Brother *Gooſecap*, here's Health to ur Pleaſures, and Wealth to our Pockets.

(Drinks.

Gooſe. With all my Heart; about we't. —— I ong for a Taſte of the Brandy, and ——

Wyb. You ſhall have both, my Child, have a lit- e Patience. —— Fill him a Bumper. *(To the Maid.)*

Maid. Madam, I do.

Gooſe. Come, here's to the longeſt and ſtrongeſt, lumpeſt and faireſt——

Wyb. Let it go round — Maid do you pledge im.

Maid. Yes, Madam. *(She Drinks a large Bumper.)*

Wyb. You are to take t'other Glaſs my Friends, d then ——— *(They drink round again and again 'till the Bottle is Empty.)*

Saun. Now where's Mrs. *Scentwell.*

Wyb. You muſt have one Dram more, dear uney; don't be impatient. —— She'll come ſoon ough to cool your *Pegaſus*.—— Maid, fetch ano- er Bottle. *(They drink a ſecond Bottle of Bounce.)*

Gooſe. Mother, you muſt not now detain us any nger from the Sight of the Miſtreſs of my Affe- ions.

Wyb.

Wyb. Pay your Reckoning Gentlemen, and sh
ſhall be immediately brought in.

Saun. What is the Damage we've done?

Wyb. You've Twelve Shillings to pay.

Saun. I'll pay this, Brother, if you will ſatisf
the following Arrears. (*To* Gooſecap.)

Gooſe. I will —— You have my Promiſe.

Saun. There's the Money--bring in the Girl—
(*To Mother* W-yb--n

Wyb. It ſhall be done —— (*She calls to the Mai
and bids her bring in Mrs.* Scentwe

Saun. The Deel damn me if the Sight of a W
man be not plaguy dear in *England* —— For ha
this Money I could have lain with twenty Wom
in *Scotland* —— But I hope ſhe is very handſom
Brother.

Gooſe. She's Divinely Fair —— She has the Fa
of an Angel, and her lower Cheeks are ſo excee
ing white, plump and beautiful, that you'll
tempted to kiſs them.

Enter Scentwell.

Scent. Gentlemen, your humble Servant——

Saun. Your Servant, Madam —— By my Soul
Charming Creature —— Let me give you a Buſs
Sc

Scent. With all my Heart, my Dear—— What can I refuſe to ſuch fine Gentlemen———

(Sauney *kiſſes her.*

Gooſe. Now 'tis my Turn——Madam, you're to enjoy theſe Ruby Lips, and this delightful Perſon: Come to my Arms, and make your ſelf Bleſt———

Scent. Let me firſt bleſs my ſelf with Liquor, my Dear—— I am thirſty, and my Spirits are low——

Saun. Is there no Kiſſing without a Continuance of Tipling?

Scent. No, Sir, not at this Part of the Town.

Saun. Call for it then——— (Scentwell *calls for a Bottle of Bounce, they drink it up.*

Gooſe. You'll now kiſs me, my Dear.

Scent. Yes, with all my Heart —— (*She takes him round the Neck and kiſſes him.*

Gooſe. I hope you'll at laſt permit me to examine thoſe Beauties which are yours.

Scent. Let us have another Bottle, and you ſhall do what you pleaſe.

Saun. Call for it inſtantly. (*She calls for another Bottle which they drink, and being ſtill refuſed, they drink a third, and then ſhe complies, but inſiſts upon Money.*)

Gooſe. Madam, now I expect you'll reſign all your Charms to the ingenious Mr. *Sauney.*

Scent. For Half a Piece I am at his Service.

Saun. There it is —— (*Giving her Money.*)

Scent. I hope you'll make me a Preſent of a Crown, my Dear, to buy me a Pair of Stockings; and you ſhall then really do what ever you deſire.

Saun. I'll give it ye—— there is the Crown.

Scent. But I want a Pair of Gloves—— Give me half a Crown more, and let me die if I don't let you *Buſs Breech*, or any Thing.

Saun. Pox on't —— there it is.

Scent. Now, my Dear, if you'll 'give me a Shilling for Coach Hire to my Lodgings, and pay the Reckoning,—— I am entirely at your Service.

Gooſe. Let him have his agreed for Pleaſure, and the Reckoning ſhall afterwards be diſcharg'd.

Scent. We never truſt, Sir——There's Eighteen Shillings to pay —— (*Calls for the Miſtreſs*) Here, Madam, come and receive your Reckoning.

Saun. We're jilted, be Gad—— *Gooſecap*, you are to pay the Money demanded.

Gooſe. I've but a ſingle Six-pence in my Pocket, by Jove.

Saun.

Saun. And I have not remaining a Shilling —— What ſhall us do, Madam —— (*To Mother* Wyb--n.

Wyb. You muſt only ſtrip, Gentlemen ——

Gooſe. We'll neither ſtrip nor pay ye, Mrs. *Jezabel.*

Wyb. Won't ye, you'll find your ſelves miſtaken —— I'll make ye, Sirrah ——

(*Pulling him by the Noſe,* Gooſecap *cries out, enter a Bully.*

Bully. I'll teach you to cry out, Raſcals, Villains! D'ye come here to cheat an honeſt induſtrious Woman, ye Scoundrels!

(*He pulls down* Sauney's *Breeches, and flogs him luſtily; then he pulls off* Gooſecap's *Coat, and cloaths him with a Soldier's Rug, and afterwards Kicks them both out of Doors.*)

Gooſe. This is abominable Uſage —— and by no means agreeable to a Man of Taſte —— I'll go home, and fetch my Blunderbuſs.

Saun. A moſt damnable Pleaſure —— I'll ſet Fire to the Houſe, and make way to my Lodgings by the Light of the Conflagration.

(*Exeunt.*

Scene *changes to an Anti-Hall, in* Wealthy's *Houſe.*

Enter Wealthy *and* Upſtart.

Wealth. HAVE you transferr'd my S— Sea Stock?

Upſt. Yes, Sir, I have.

Wealth. How ſtands the preſent State of my Fortune?

Upſt. At about Two Millions Five hundred thouſand Pounds, Sir —— Your Eſtate is now beyond that of a Lord Treaſurer of *Great-Britain*, or a Comptroller of the Finances in *France*.

Wealth. A Lord Treaſurer is nothing to us—— We have ſuperior Methods for the acquiring of Fortunes to any of our Treaſurers, and can make them attend our Levees with an obſequious Air; they are firſt to give the Congee on all Approaches. ——We expect to be Dukes by Title, and Princes by Poſſeſſions.

Upſt. I

Upſt. I my ſelf intend to be an *Iriſh* L——d; and I don't know but my Pretenſions are moſt righteous; 'twill be a worthy and eminent Riſe from the Character of your Worſhip's Footman to that of L--d *Upſtart.*

Wealth. Be not too haſty; you muſt firſt have a ſuitable Fortune.

Upſt. I am already worth Five Hundred Thouſand Pounds, Sir; and if I marry your Worſhip's Chambermaid *Dulcinea*, with the Addition of her Riches, I ſhall be in Circumſtances equal to a D——ke.

Wealth. But you're not Maſter of Behaviour——

Upſt. I can ſwear gracefully; ſpeak what I never mean inceſſantly; raviſh Virgins decently; lie with other Mens Wives, and beat their Husbands out of Door couragiouſly; I can contemn my Betters, who have leſs Money, audaciouſly: I can flatter, cringe to and carreſs a Miniſter of State; build magnificent Houſes, and never pay for 'em; Cheat Gameſters, and deceive a Stock-jobber.

Wealth. Theſe are uncommon Qualities indeed--- but not ſufficient——

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's a Gentleman without who ſays he is come from the City of *Edinburgh* on purpoſe to wait on you—— He deſires Audience of your Worſhip.

Wealth.

Wealth. Since his Applications are proper, let him be admitted.

Serv. It ſhall be as you command. (*Exit.*

Wealth. This is ſome Gentleman of Worth, I preſume, who ſollicits to be a Subſcriber in the S—— S——a Stock.

Enter Sauney *bowing.*

Saun. I am come, Sir, a Journey from on far, to ſpread your exalted Fame, and that of the unparallell'd S—— S——ea Stock ——— I have humbly preſum'd to be the Author of a Poetical Performance, inſcrib'd to your Worſhip, which I hope you'll accept.

Wealth. I cou'd not expect any ſuch thing, Sir—— (*Reads.*) You ſay too much of me, yet too little to the Purpoſe. ——— I deſire you'll humbly take your Paper again; but I'll thus far remember you, that when I am advanc'd to Lord-Mayor, for that Year, you ſhall be the City Laureat.

Saun. Won't you be pleaſed to give me a Subſcription, Sir.

Wealth. I'll willingly ſubſcribe to your Beating, Sir?

Saun. That's very kind truly———

Wealth. If this be all your Buſineſs, quit my Houſe.

Saun.

Saun. Your Servant—— I hope you'll not forget ne when you're Lord-Mayor.

(*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. A Gentleman, Sir, has ſent me to you, to eſire Admittance in an Affair of great Impor-nce relating to your Life.

Wealth. Introduce him——

Enter Gooſecap.

Gooſe. My Buſineſs, Sir, is to congratulate you n your accumulating the Wealth of the *Indies*.--- hope you'll receive ſome Lines on your Immortal ame—— (*Offering a Paper.*

Wealth. Here, *Tom*, *Tom*, beat this Fellow out my Houſe——— Have I nothing elſe to do t to be plagu'd with theſe Mortals, who come begging in ſuch Numbers? Here's my Cane, ve the Lunatick his Correction.

Serv. I obey, Sir.

Gooſe. Deviliſh Fortune, to have a Cudgel for e Coin. (*Exit.*

Enter Aim-at.

Aim. Mr. *Wealthy*, I hope you'll excuſe this ex-ordinary Trouble ——— I have here brought my *C-a-ſe* in Rhime, and I deſire you'll pleaſe to *ke it your own.* *Wealth.*

Wealth. I desire to be excus'd, Madam —— Pox on't, I've but just kickt one *Poet* out of Doors, when another steps in.

Aim. I hope, Sir, you'll not beat your humble Servant; if you engage with me, it must not be with the same Weapon as you attack'd my Brother *Goosecap.*

Wealth. Tom, Tom, haste hither —— remove this talkative impertinent Woman.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. I will, Sir.

Aim. My Case is ruin'd —— What's worse than ill Luck ——

Exit

Enter Smart.

Smart. Sir, My Business, I own has some Impertinence: I ask your Pardon for trespassing on your important Moments; but Respect to your Merit, Sir, is wholly the Occasion of it. —— I have wrote ——

Wealth. Wrote, what ——

Smart. A familiar Epistle to your Honour, highly approv'd —— It has not the least Grain of Flattery, and it is free from Satyr —— Be pleased to receive it.

Wealth

Wealth. You are very familiar Gentlemen truly. ——I've had no leſs than three with me this Morning on the ſame Errand, whom I've *Rewarded* with an Oaken *Cudgel* —— but you may go if you pleaſe unrewarded.

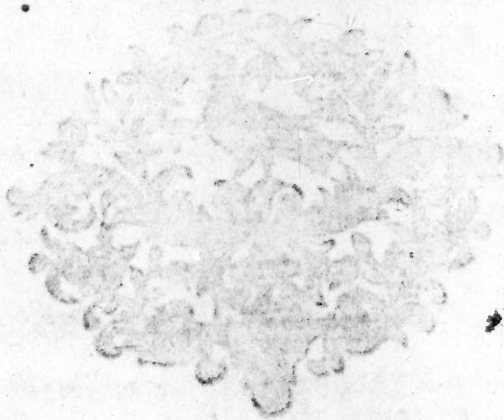
Smart. I thank you for this Favour.——

(*Exit.*

Wealth. Theſe Sons of Vanity are the Plague of Greatneſs; the worſt Diſturbers of our Repoſe; and we may truly ſay,

Poets, like Women, more than uſual kind,
For Gain, are Proſtitutes in Life we find;
One yields her Heav'nly Form, the other lets his Mind.

D EPI-



EPILOGUE,

Comical, and Serious; to the *Play*, and on the *Times*.

THE Farce is o'er, I hope my Breth'ren all,
Will ſkreen young Iſaac *from a* W-yb-n's *Fall;*
If my fam'd Scenes, ſhou'd Gooſecap *once provoke,*
He muſt Revenge himſelf without his Cloke;
And, if He'd well his Adverſary Cuff,
He ſhou'd e'en ſtrip himſelf, and Arm in Buff:
Nor does our Author Sauney's *Ire regard;*
He's ſure his Play will meet with this Reward,
Be Read once through— then curs'd, by Modern Bard.
But he no Quixot, *nor Knight-Errant, fears,*
No Wit Buttonian *with the* Longeſt Ears;
Altho' Great Cibber *in the Front appears:*
No Female Poet, of the Largeſt Parts
He dreads to meet; with all he fairly ſtarts;

EPILOGUE.

He boldly challenges the World's Applauſe,
And hopes e'en Drury-Lane *approves his Cauſe.*

But to the Times—— Ay, here his Scope I find,
Men prey on Men, and All *are* Prey *deſign'd;*
If Cheats muſt only Flouriſh in this Iſle,
And Honeſty no more upon us ſmile;
If Crimes ſhou'd go unpuniſh'd in this Age;
What may not Villany in Time engage;
And what can we expect will end our Care,
But that we ſhould the worſt of Mis'ries ſhare:
But may all Harpies *this, this, juſtly ſee,*
That there's a Debt due to their Infamy;
That Halters, Gibbets, and the Ax attend,
(And all great W-yb--n's *Plagues their Aid will lend)*
To give to Villains, Traitors, a Deſerved End.

A Copy

A

Copy of VERSES,

Sent to the Author of EXCHANGE-ALLEY, a Farce, in Apr. 1720.

IF *Truth-Prophetick* will procure a Name,
And humorous Satyr gain a laſting Fame;
If Frauds detected, plainly made appear,
Can ſerve a Nation in a Poet's Sphere;
Thou Bard advent'rous, well deſerv'ſt my Praiſe,
In Spite of Fortune, ſhalt be crown'd with Bays.
If Bears and Monkeys thou haſt made of thoſe
Who gain great Riches, but gain no Repoſe;

Like

Like Foreſt Animals, their Coaches grace,
And who are fitter for another Place;
Thy *Lines* have *Reaſon*, and thy *Thoughts* are ſtrong,
Thoſe will acknowledge who obſerve 'em long:
Tho' *Bl--nt* or *F--ll--ws* Thee with Raſhneſs charge;
If low in Wealth, in Senſe thy Fortune's large:
And what are Riches, and a glitt'ring Train,
Without this Treaſure, which conducts, the Brain:
Like Ships at Sea well fraught, with Weather croſt,
So many are in Riſing Tempeſts loſt.
O Glorious *South-Sea*, whom the Crouds obey,
By Thee have Miſers gain'd a pow'rful Sway;
Great Wealth and Treaſure, but 'tis Credit all,
And when this fails, the great Dependents fall:
To Aſhes Paper may be burnt at Will,
But Coin, tho' melted, is of Value ſtill.

EPIGRAM

ON THE

South-Sea Game.

WHEN Men againſt themſelves combine,
And *Whores*, and *Bawds*, and *Stateſmen* join;
The Widow, Orphan's, ſpoil'd, undone,
Our Money fled, and Credit gone;
We, Poets, then may well conclude,
This is the *Devil's Interlude.*

FINIS.

TRIGRAM

ON THE

Solitaire Game.